

Sorta Slightly Sushi

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Jubie Jay's very own 'Halloween Havoc' (in Campbell-by-the-Sea!)

Dear Mista Jeff ("The Shoot Kicka") Bowdren,

Hi, Mista B! It's me, Jubie Jay Mullins, one of the many, I am sure, nine-and-a-half-year-ol' fans of the Shoot-Kicka columns that you write for Unca Barry Rose's pumpkin-smashin, eyeball-gougin, jobba-guts-strewin, Scary Sherri-the-Witch-brewin CHAIRSHOTS newsletta in which you regularly vent your spleen like a screamin banshee...like some people vent their lower intestinal tracks after eating too much Chinese!

How's friggin' Florida, man? The land of the ever-shining-sun unda which my personal hero HULLlllk Hoooooogan tans his politically correct (and slightly less than 24-inch) snakes and was the last guy to ride "Space Mountain" before it closed down! Get it, Mista B? Wooo!

I don't know about you, Mista Bowdren (you egg-sucking, scat-chewing, fur-ball-hocking, son-of-a-Naval Orange picker), but Octobah is my favorite month of the year.

"Because of WCW's HALLOWEEN HAVOC," you ask? Where, after Ric Flair walked the aisle seemingly for the last time, Brudda Bruti was revealed as being the masked run-in guy?

Get real, Mista Bowdren!

Octobah is my favorite month of the year because of HALLOWEEN itself, that one glorious night of the year when little kids like me (get to dwess up as their favorite pro rassling heros, or as WCW geeks like Bill Shaw and Bob Dhue who wouldn't know a grap-hero if one bit them on the ass, or as a favorite depraved undaground sheet personality) and terrorize neighborhoods! This Halloween, guess who I am dwessing up as?

...No, not Axl Rotten! He's t-o-o scary!

...Nooo, not Evad Sullivan, 'cause he's scary, too.

...And NOOOO! Not as Paul Orndorff's right arm, which is R-E-A-L-L-Y scary!!!

No, this year I'm gonna go twicka tweetin dwessed-up as YOU, Mista Bowdren, seeing as how Y-O-U are my personal, all-time-favorite, monthly undaground depraved sheet personality (a taste, I might add, that is not exactly shared by many other kids in my fourth-grade class at Lucrita Mott Elementary!) Yes!

On October 31st, my Unca Riki-Jack Hammeroyd is driving me over to Campbell-by-the-Sea, where I'm gonna go twicka tweetin disguised as...ta-ta!...BOWDREN THE BOOGAH!

I can just see you, I mean, I can just see me now, dwessed-up as you, a big Gansta-sized BOOGAH, a big BOOGAH stylin an profilin an' twicka tweetin in Unca Dave Meltzer's ritzy Campbell-by-the-Sea neighborhood on the big night.

Yeah! I can just picture me now... I walk up to this one, special, B-I-G beach house located in this v-e-r-y posh ocean-side section of Campbell-by-the-Sea.

I knock on the door...like The Raven. Tap-tap-tap... And I wait...

Then, suddenly, slowly, carefully, the hinges making a barely audible squweekin sound, Unca Dave Meltzer opens the front door to his spacious Mansion-by-the-Sea and peeks out, his eyes squinting like he's lookin for ravens (or like he's been watchin too many Japan tapes.)

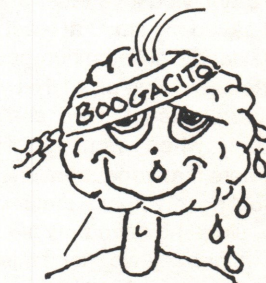
And then, as he glances down at me, his eyes go from "~~~" to "O-O," he sees what he thinks is you (BOWDREN THE BOOGAH!) standing on his front porch looking up at him and holding onto a big, bad, black bag filled with Gawd only knows what kinds of wrigglin, crawlin, drippin, seepin, twicka tweetin kinda things!

"Oh, no!" Unca Dave cries out in fear. "It's... it's..." And making fun of my diminutive size, he says, "It's...it's... 'EL BOOGACITO'!" (which means "The Little Booger" in AAA lucha libra talk.)

Undaunted, I lick my lips and I give Unca Dave your famous BOWDREN THE BOOGAH sheet-eatin grin and, whippin out my Jimmy Hart "Mouth of the South" Gangsta-sized battery powered mega-phone, I stick the bidnez end against Unca Dave's ear and yell, "TWICKA TWEET, YOU FWE EKIN MARK FOR JIM CORNETTE!"

Ha-Ha-Ha! Wow! Snarf... Ulp! Phew... Sigh...

Jeez, Mista B. Twicka tweetin this year is gonna be more fun than putting a mouthful of Gansta-sized bubble gum on Michael Huffer's let's-get-ready-to-runmmble seat when he's up in the ring tryin not to look at wrestler's butts before he screws up announcing their names.



Yo, Twicka Tweet!

But back to Unca Dave.

So, after I yell in his ear, "TWICKA TWEET, YOU FWECKING MARK FOR ROY GRACIE!" Unca Dave shapes his mouth from "o" to "O" and he gets all scared and his eyes go big and round again, like Abdulla the Butcher's eyes would get if he walked into a pre-match meeting of AAA luchadores but, as it turns out, Abby doesn't know the alphabet from soup and he can't read door-signs worth sh-t and he accidentally walks into the closet where Jim Cornette's moral conscience is attending the monthly meeting of the local KKK!

So, afta I yell, "TWICKA TWEET, YOU FWECKING MARK FOR MINAMI TOYOTA!" Unca Dave says something like, "Oh-h-h, I'm sooooo scared! Please, don't trash-talk me, you split-tongued, cloven-clawed, nine-and-a-half-year-old little devil! Spare me! I'll be good! I'll cut back on the number of match reports I publish in WON! I'll give Evan Ginzberg's 1994 WT&N Yearbook the kind of mention it truly deserves! I'll quit making-up all those difficult-to-pronounce names for the Mexican-flying moves! I'll use larger print on my mailing labels, which is probably the reason the OBSERVER sometimes doesn't reach Kentucky 'til Tuesdays!"

And then, as Unca Dave is babbling like a reformed member of a Pro Wrestling Anonymous twelve-step group, I'll reach into my big, bad, black bag fulla twicka tweets and I'll pull out this juicy baseball-sized Gangsta boogah, one that I've been saving-up and growing and adding too ever since summer, and when Unca Dave takes a moment to blink, I'll ~~cut~~ Gibson him right between the eyes (with the boogah!) and, like magic, it'll stick there, right above the bridge of his nose, like glue! Gawd, can't you just see it, Mista Bowdren!?!

Unca Dave reels back in horror, R-E-A-L, true-to-life Fweddy Kwooga kinda horror, Ed Wood-George "The Animal Steele"-Scott Fwankensteiner horror, Arn Anderson-seeing-that-pair-of-scissors coming down at his pecs in a British hotel kinda horror, the look on Hulk Hogan's face kinda horror when he realized the evil masked guy wasn't anyone Unca Dave had been talking about all these weeks in the OBSERVER, and suddenly, Unca Dave starts clawing at his face as he leaps off the porch, and, howling like Sting, runs down to the beach where he executes a crisp-as-a-tortilla la'bamba cha-cha tope'alopa into the foamy brine.

And all the while, while Unca Dave's out there thrashing around in the salty breakers, clutching his forehead and trying to pull off this gigantic Gangsta-sized boogah that's stuck between his eyes, he's yelling, like the Edgar Allen Poe guy who hears that big telltale heart beating beneath his floorboards, "I grew a third eye! Oh, Gawd, I just grew a big fat Kevin Sullivan-cursed Gansta-boogah-sized THIRD EYE! And I can't see out of it! I'm...I'm... I'm B-B-BLIND in my third eye!!!"

...Jeez, Mista Bowdren (slurp...drool...honk...ropf...), since I'm only nine-and-a-half years old, I don't have a clue as to what a sexual orgazoom is, but if it's anything like twicka tweetin in Campbell-by-the-Sea on Halloween Night, I'm sure I'm gonna want to get my fair share of it when I grow up and become an older party like you and Love Machine!

Sigh... I just l-o-v-e Halloween, don't you, Mista Bowdren? You alligator-lickin, Everglade-drainin, sea-cow-buggerin, green-jobber-baitin, shoot-kicka! (It's a rhetorical question, Mista B. You don't need to answer it.)

Your little fourth-grade rasslin pal and shoot-kickin hero worshippa (who just can't wait til your next column appears in CHAIRSHOTS where, no doubt, you'll vivisect, disembowel, burn-at-the-stake and squish the goblin guts outta some hapless grap-jerk who, I'll bet, does not exactly live in--nor too close to--your neighborhood or your zip code! Ha-Ha-Ha! Get it?

Jubesta Jay "Supa Twicksta" Mullins

Hi, everybody! Just finished watching the pay-per-view that promised one of the legends of graps would retire. I dunno about you, but I think I'll just forget the past year or so and remember Ric Flair of the '80s. The guy was Joe Pro to the bitter end. Brudder Bruti? WCW's lead heel? Nuff said about that one. My apologies to Jeff Bowdren for the Jubie Jay-styled love letter above, and special apologies, too, to Dave Meltzer, who (no kidding, this is not a work) sort of saved my life or at least helped prevent me from re-busting my slowly healing collar bone when someone at the Oakland Coliseum bumped me as I was descending the stairs at the Hogan-Flair dance on 10/15 (where Sherri Martel was living proof that you can be a scene-stealing, profilin, sexier than hell son of a gun without using roids or proper etiquette! God, she's an amazing piece...of work!) Anyway, after all the crap I've given him all these years, suddenly, when I went Air Pillman, Dave could have just stood there and let me body-slam pavement, but he didn't. (I'm sure if anyone mentions it, he'll down-play it, or maybe even kick himself), but if Dave hadn't helped break my fall, no fooling, my right shoulder woulda been toast once again. Of course, from here on, according to old Japanese custom, since he saved my life, Meltzersan is now responsible for me for the rest of our lives! Amazing how things work out, huh? (I wonder if this means I'll get my Observers free?) Hey, Happy Halloween, everyone! And, if you can't reach out an "catch" someone (before they re-bust their collar bones), heck, you can just reach out an stay in touch with 'em via the U.S. mail! (Do I miss you Sushigangsters, or what?) Naturally, since we're truly out o' the sheet biz, this lil' bit o' rasslin shrimp from Sushiland, and the ones that follow (whenever the mood strikes and as long as my black mask 'n' fish-net stockings-wearing physical therapist, Madam Whipp, and my banker, Hockem N. Schlockum, approve) is free o' charge and will continue to be sent to those of you who keep in touch. 'Til then, and with best wishes to Ric Flair...whatever the future may hold in store for this legendary grap fella, I am... --Jeff Mullins